

Talmage Sermon

By Rev.
Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 16.—That the power of evil habit may reassert itself after many years and that even a good man may fall back into sin unless vigilantly fortified against temptation is the practical lesson of this sermon. The text is John v. 14, "Sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee."

Calvinists and Arminians have battled for generations over the question whether it is possible for a man who has once been converted to fall into sin and be finally lost. The question is no nearer a settlement than it was a hundred years ago, but I think there is one aspect of it in which both would agree. Unhappily there is no room for dispute about the facts. The Methodist points, in proof of his contention, to men who are sunk in vice and degradation, who were once believed to be true Christians. The Presbyterian sorrowfully admits the fact, though he explains it by saying that such men were never children of God, and they deceived themselves and deceived the church, or else they were Christians and will yet be saved through discipline that God will use to bring them back to his fold. It is of these men I would speak this morning.

We are down by the pool of Bethesda. In all probability this was a mineral spring, like a Yellowstone geyser. Samuel Barnes thinks it may have been. At certain times this pool erupted, and at the first troubling of the waters they had a curative quality attributed to angelic action upon them. The sick and the diseased would gather there ready to plunge in at the auspicious moment. The first who stepped into the water at that time was cured of his or her ailment, but one poor man was there who was so weak and slow in his movements that he could not enter alone. He seemed to have no friends. Reading between the lines, I think this man's sickness may have been the result of a past evil life. Sin and physical agony are sometimes, but not always, concomitants of each other. Jesus saw and had compassion on him. He looked so sick and wan and helpless. Then Christ entered in the temple and speaks the words of my text: "Behold, thou art made whole. Sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee."

We may wonder what there could be worse than the man had endured. To lie there day after day for thirty-eight years, suffering from paralysis or rheumatism or some other ailment that rendered him helpless, was surely bad enough. But Jesus thought there were worse things than that and they might come upon him if he fell into sin. The warning comes with additional force to us because we have been accustomed to regard the miracle as a type of conversion. We should therefore ask ourselves in what respect the calamities that come from sin are worse than physical helplessness.

The Backslider's Remorse.
The backslider, in the first place, is haunted by the greivous specter of a polka, never ceasing remorse. He has enjoyed the inspiring hope of salvation. He has tasted the ineffable sweets of the gospel. He is like the prodigal in the far country. He was not born of swine keeping parents. He was not treated as a social outcast. He was cradled in the old home-land and knew what a loving mother's smile was. He knew what honor and affection and respectability meant. But he deliberately went and flung all away and turned his back upon the things that make life worth living. In his misfortune after his poverty came upon him, wherever he went and whatever he did, he kept picturing to himself the plenty and happiness of his father's home. Do you suppose a man who has once lived in a comfortable house on a respectable street, with a loving family and kind friends, could ever be happy to go and dwell among social outcasts if he knew that he was the direct cause of his own disgrace?

Some years ago a young Scotchman came across the seas and settled in this country. He married here and had two little children, whom he loved dearly. He was not a bad man. He had a religious bringing up. But he was one of those who drifted into dissipation through sociability, as so many had done before him. The men always used to take a drink before they started work. Then they would break off work about 10 o'clock and take another drink. Then they would always take a drink at noon, and so on during the day. This habit began to get his meretricious hold upon him. One evening he was dashing down the street. Before he knew it the horse was almost upon him. He leaped back just in time to escape being knocked down. As he did this two women beautifully dressed in furs laughed contemptuously at his predicament. The man began to think. Why was he walking when other people could ride and almost ride over him and treat it all as a joke? Who were these rude rich people? Looking after them, he recognized these women as the wife and daughter of the saloon keeper from whom he and his fellow workmen bought their daily drink.

It Paid to Do Right.
As he watched the sleigh disappearing he said: "You have had the last dollar you will get from me. From now on I am going to buy my wife furs and give my children a home instead of supporting you."

The next morning when the men broke off work and said, "Come on, Joe, let's go and take a sip," he replied: "No! I have given that saloon keeper the last dollar he will ever have of mine. I am going to buy my wife and bairns a home instead of supporting his family in luxury." The men laughed. "All right," said Joe. "You'll see." And in a couple of years that workman had enough money which he had saved from the saloon to buy a

city lot and build a little home. That workman today is one of the leading merchants in one of our western cities. Does it pay? Does it pay to be good? Does it pay to do right? And, my friends, if it does pay to do right, how great must be the remorse that comes when a man realizes that by his own sins, his own follies, his own evil deeds, he has brought poverty and misery upon himself and those he loves?

You are not like a man who has been brought up in an irreligious home. You know what the beauties and joys of the gospel life mean. You have seen this happiness revealed in your father's and mother's lives. You have felt the joy of the gospel in your own life. If I mistake not, some years ago you joined the church. You have been a worker in the Master's vineyard. Tell me, are you going to put all that past joy away? Are you going to turn your back upon the only life which you know is worth living? Are you going today to grip hands with sin and then endure the evil results of the sin you have brought upon yourself and your dear ones? Remember that the condition of the man who has once known the Christian hope and has departed from it is infinitely worse than that of the man who has never known it at all, for then the specter of remorse points his finger at you and says, "You have brought this misery upon yourself, and you alone are responsible." And Jesus findeth him in the temple and said unto him: Behold, thou art made whole. Sin no more lest a worse thing come upon thee."

But when the backslider relapses into evil he does more than clasp hands with sin. He not only seeks sin, but he turns his back upon God and the good people with whom he used to associate. As the pendulum swinging in one direction gathers momentum and swings just as far in the other direction, so the backslider when he goes astray is apt to go further astray because he has once been good. As remorse gnaws at his heart, so ingratitude makes him go just as far away from good associates as he possibly can go.

A Protege's Ingratitude.

Here, for instance, is a young fellow whom you have made your protege. You felt you had the means and ought to help some one in life. So this boy appealed to your sympathies, and you took him to your heart. You educated him and started him in business. You pushed him rapidly forward. You gave him an interest in the firm. You loved him as a son. Time passed on. Suddenly you awoke to an awful fact. You found that this young man whom you had loved had deserted your home. You found that he had broken every law of justice and honor and truth. The meanest human creature that ever crawled in slime could not be more untrue to you than he has been. What do you do? Do you upbraid him and make him suffer the penalty of the law? No. Like a loving father, your heart is broken. You would like to forgive him. You would even like to give him another start. But he will not let you love him. He will flee away from you. He will get just as far away as he can. Like Absalom of old, all that he will do is to associate with your enemies. And all that you can do is to go weeping to your bed chamber as you cry, "Oh, my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee!" Now, my brother, is that the kind of ingratitude you mean to show to God? Are you about to drift into sin? Are you going to turn your back upon Christ? Are you ready to separate yourself from those sweet Christian associations which contribute to our spiritual life? Remember this: No Christian man ever flung himself into sin but he proved himself an ingrate and his shame led him to get just as far away from God and from his people as he could go.

There is another fact which the Christian must bear well in mind. Though the gospel life grows sweeter and purer and more triumphant the longer a man lives it, yet the old scars of sin remain indelible. And when a Christian backslides it is like the relapse of an attack of typhoid fever or pneumonia. The relapse is always more dangerous than the first attack. Then the physical organism is weakened. Then the disease can be more easily attacked the vital parts. You and I had better beware. We ought never to let those old wounds of sin reopen. If they are once allowed to bleed again there will be a hemorrhage which will sap away our lives.

Struck in Same Place.
You know there is an old proverb among the soldiers that in time of war no two bullets ever struck twice in the same place. But that is not always true. Dr. Ryan in his book entitled "Under the Red Cross" gives a vivid account of the siege of Kalafat. The bullets were falling in a perfect hurricane. Suddenly there came tumbling over the wall a monster shell, and it crashed into the ground and burst, tearing a great hole out of the earth as large as a house. A poor frightened mother gathered her three children about her and ran to this hole for protection. But hardly had she settled herself there than there was heard the singing of another shell flying from a gun two miles away, and it flung itself into that hole and there those four human beings into shreds. "Oh," you say, "that was horrible; that was greivous; that was overpowering!" Yes, it was. It was tragic because it was so unusual for two shells to strike the same place. But I want to tell you that when Satan aims his guns for bombardment he has been hitting us in the same way for the last twenty years. And just as a prizefighter can keep tapping an adversary in the same place over the heart until he saps away his antagonist's strength, so Satan can keep battering at the old wounds of our former sins and open them in their weakened condition until at last we fall before his blows as helpless as the trembling fawn before the plunge of a jungle tiger. Beware of that old sin O man, if you start it again in its bleeding in all probability you will never close it up. Beware!

I have heard my father again and again tell this tragic story: In his Philadelphia church he had an elder he dearly loved. The elder was a Scotchman who stood about six feet two and was magnificently proportioned. He was a nobleman in brain and in heart. He was one of those great, big, lovable fellows who hold

you with a grip of steel. This man, then nearly sixty years of age, had been dissipated in his youth. He had once been a drunkard. But for forty years of his life he had lived a pure, true, consistent Christian life. But one day, under a hot summer sun, he became dizzy with a sunstroke. He stepped into a nearby drugstore for help. The druggist, not knowing his old weakness, gave him a glass of liquor. That one glass revived the old passion. He started forth from that drug store to the nearest saloon. He drank until he was drunk. He drank himself into the gutter. And in six months he drank himself into the grave. Beware, O man, of that old sin!

When I was a boy I heard John B. Gough talking along the same line. There he stood before me, an old gray haired man. I suppose he had persecuted more people to sign the temperance pledge than any man who has ever lived. He was not only a leader of men, but he was a leader in the temperance reform. And yet that man, who for forty years had been pleading the temperance cause, said: "Man, if you have once been a drunkard never dare trust yourself with this sin. It has been nearly half a century since the old passion, by the grace of God, lost its hold on me. But the old passion is still there. It is manacled and kennelled, but it is there. I would no more touch a glass of liquor than I would dare take a dagger and drive it in my heart. I would no more dare touch a piece of brandied mince pie than I would dare touch a lighted match to a gunpowder magazine. It is there. The old slumbering passion is there, ready to be awakened at a word." And yet some people suppose that because they have been resisting sin ten, twenty, forty, fifty years the old forces of sin are dead. Beware, O man! The relapse of sin is always more dangerous than the first conviction. The passion is still there. It is there in your sinful heart.

When We Are Not Afraid.

It is when we are not afraid of sin that the dangers of sin become fourfold. Travelers tell us that the wolves of Mexico have a strange way of catching the wild horses. These horses have the speed of the wind. It is almost impossible for a single cowboy to catch one. The cowboys when they wish to run them down have rays of pursuers. First one set of cowboys will chase the horses; then another ray will take up the run; then another and another, until at last the horses are caught by the lasso. But it is only when they are completely tired that they are caught; therefore it would be impossible for the wolves to catch them unless they used strategy, for the wolves' flight is not as swift as the horses'.

This is the way the wolves kill the wild horses of the Mexican plains: First a couple of wolves come out of the woods and begin to play together like two kittens. They gambol about each other and run backward and forward. Then the herd of horses lift their startled heads and get ready to stampede. But the wolves seem to be so playful that the horses, after watching them awhile, forget their fears and continue to graze. Then the wolves in their playing come nearer and nearer, while other wolves slowly and stealthily creep after them. Then suddenly the enemies surround the herd and make one plunge, and the horses are struggling with the fangs of the relentless foes gripped in their throats. In a similar way our old sins cunningly attack us. They play about us and keep playing around us, and they look so harmless, and we feel so strong. But suddenly they make a plunge, and the old wounds are reopened, and we are helpless in the grasp of the monsters of sin. Beware of that relapse into sin. "Behold, thou art made whole. Sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee."

A Thrilling Incident.
But, though Christ is speaking the same thought as Paul spoke in Corinth when he said, "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," thank God, Christ does not stop there. He warns the man at the pool of Bethesda, but he also teaches the doctrine that he is the Christ of the backslider. When Christ starts forth to save an immortal soul, he is no respecter of persons. He can save the backslider. There is an incident told of the young Edward Irving, the eloquent preacher. When a boy in Scotland, with his little sister, he went down on the sands of Solway. Flirt to meet his uncle, who was coming to visit their home. When the tide comes in there it comes with a rush. It sweeps on like a flood. All the people there know this danger of the on-rushing sea and guard against it. But these little children forgot the time of the tide. They were playing in a little pool of water. Suddenly a horseman dashed down from the mountain side. Without a word he came up on a run, grabbed the two children, flung them across the saddle and started for the hills. Faster and faster followed the rising tide, but at last the horseman and his precious load were saved. Then the uncle saw that he had saved his own brother's children, who had come out to meet him. So it is with Christ. It matters not who the sinner may be nor whether he has sinned seventy times seven. If you go out to meet Christ, he will save you from the tidal waves of sin and save you now.

God works through natural and human agencies as well as by his word and power. This pool of Bethesda may have been merely a geyser or a mineral spring. It is a better remedy that I offer you. It never ceases. It never loses its power.

Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord; Unleash the cleansing life. We have no shelter from our sins But in thy wounded side.
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The Moslem World.
Islam is a challenge to Christianity from the very fact that in India alone there are far more Moslems (62,458,077, according to the last census) under our rule than there are professing Christians (53,900,000) in the whole British empire. Islam is still spreading. Its progress in Africa is at once rapid and steady, and, though in India the yearly increase in the number of its professors is but slow, it is still unchecked.—Rev. Dr. Tisdall at the Church Congress.

HELPFUL ADVICE



You won't tell your family doctor the whole story about your private illness—you are too modest. You need not be afraid to tell Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., the things you could not explain to the doctor. Your letter will be held in the strictest confidence. From her vast correspondence with sick women during the past thirty years she may have gained the very knowledge that will help you. Such letters as the following, from grateful women, establish beyond a doubt the power of

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

to conquer all female diseases.

Mrs. Norman R. Barndt, of Allentown, Pa., writes:

"Ever since I was sixteen years of age I had suffered from an organic derangement and female weakness; in consequence I had dreadful headaches and was extremely nervous. My physician said I must go through an operation to get well. A friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it and wrote you for advice, following your directions carefully, and thanks to you I am today a well woman, and I am telling all my friends of my experience."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, nervous prostration.

MANY IMPROVEMENTS AT INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Old Arsenal Building Converted Into School Rooms—Interest and Enthusiasm of the Pupils.
A visit to the industrial school in Vergennes shows many changes and improvements in and around the buildings. The change most worthy of note is the conversion of the interior of the old arsenal building into school rooms, providing much needed accommodations for instruction of the boys and girls committed to the care of the State.

This old building is a stone structure built by the government in 1828 and utilized for the storing of guns and ammunition for use of the United States troops during those early days. It is a substantial stone structure, with thick walls and big heavy timbers of solid oak and massive doors, such as are seldom seen in those days of timber scarcity. Although this building has been standing for 80 years it shows but little ravages of time.

For many years the government found little use for it, eventually associating it in the hands of Vermont, becoming a part of the industrial school property. The work of remodeling the interior was begun about the first of January and is not entirely finished. Much of the work has been done by the older boys under the instruction of outside mechanics. The work now is of Norway pine, natural finish, the walls and ceiling of white with rosewood work, and the four school rooms are large, light and airy. The room containing the first and second grades is taught by Miss Rose, the third and fourth grade room by Miss Deane, the fifth and sixth grade by Miss Rice, and the seventh and eighth grade by Mr. Cullen.

A representative of the Enterprise and Vermonter was conducted through these rooms by Superintendent Barsby, while school was in session and found a degree of interest and enthusiasm manifested by the pupils not uncommon in many public schools. Experienced instructors teach all the graded school studies. Among other branches are taught free hand drawing, music, practical physiology, theoretical agriculture, typewriting, bookkeeping, penmanship and a course in stenography is contemplated.

A VERITABLE BEE HIVE.

The institution is a veritable beehive of activity; there are no idlers at the school, every boy and girl has work to do, out of school hours and does it promptly and well, and because of this fact much of the idling and other things necessary in an institution of this character are manufactured out of the spot, making it, in a measure, independent of outside workers. The shoe shop and tailoring department are in operation every day, and boys and girls are being instructed in these two very important branches, and what is more, each one, teacher and pupil alike, exhibits an interest not always found in such institutions. The work is now but just begun but promises in the not distant future to provide all the wearing apparel and footwear necessary.

Another department is devoted to seating chairs, the school having a contract with the Pullman company at Ludlow for a large amount of this work. This is all piece work and the boys get one-half the amount for their own use. A small printing plant is also in operation which Mr. Barsby hopes to enlarge later.

A number of the musically inclined are furnished with instruments and have formed themselves into a band which will probably be heard from later.

MILITARY DRILL PLANNED.

The boys are just beginning to receive military instruction, the purpose being to form three military companies.

Strange as it may seem the buildings have never been equipped with fire escapes, but these are now being installed on the main building.

A visit to the dairy, piggery and poultry house shows the result of careful attention. The work in these is also done by the boys under the supervision of officers of the school. The dairy sup-

plies practically all the butter and milk required.

A new modern ice house has been built during the winter which is a great improvement over the old one. Improvements contemplated the coming spring are the removal of the building which now holds the kitchen and laundry, which through many years of use has become antiquated and out of date, and the erection of a modern building equipped with modern improvements. Many other improvements are contemplated, all of which take time, but which, when completed, will place the Vermont Industrial school in the front rank of modern institutions of this kind.

HOW TO SERVE TEN GUESTS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Many delightful social affairs are given in homes where economy must be practiced. With a little skill and ingenuity the dining-room may be made so attractive that the most simple menu may be served to better advantage than an elaborate one. The preparation and manner in which a collation is served often count for more than the food which it contains.

Have the table covered with a handsome cloth, or if it is well polished, doilies may be used. Flowers add much and can often be supplied in the form of a pretty house plant in bloom. And if one is near the country, evergreen can easily be obtained.

Avoid overcrowding the table. Have only one dish of each kind of food on the table. More may be supplied from the pantry. The plates should be in piles with folded napkins between and placed on a side table with the forks, spoons, etc. Hot drinks or dishes may be served from the pantry.

The guests may help themselves, which makes the affair more informal, or, if one has a sufficient number of assistants, the guests may be served.

Menu.

1. Celery and Nut Salad.
Cream Cheese Sandwiches.
Fruit Jelly. Whipped Cream.
Cake. Coffee.

2. Welsh Rarebit from Chafin Dish.
Tomato Jelly Salad. Hot Rolls.
Lemon Sherbet. Coffee.

3. Scalloped Oysters.
Lettuce Sandwiches.
Fruit Salad. Coffee.

4. Chicken Salad.
Hot Baking Powder Biscuit.
Currant or Grape Jelly.
Sponge Cake with Whipped Cream.
Coffee.

5. Chopped Stuffed Olive Sandwiches.
Nut and Cheese Sandwiches.
Sardine Sandwiches.
Fruit Punch. Coffee.

6. CREAM SALAD DRESSING.

This dressing will be found very good for almost any salad calling for a mayonnaise dressing, and is much less expensive.

One level tablespoon salt, one level tablespoon mustard, one and one-half level tablespoons sugar, two eggs slightly beaten, one-fourth cup melted butter, one and one-half cups thin cream, one-half cup vinegar (good measure).

Mix together the salt, mustard and sugar, then add the eggs and butter. Mix well and add the cream gradually, then the vinegar very slowly. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Strain and chill before using.

CELERY AND NUT SALAD.

One bunch crisp celery cut into small pieces and mixed with one pound English walnuts, shelled and broken in pieces, then moistened with the cream dressing, and piled lightly on crisp lettuce, will be ample for ten. Arrange the salad in a salad bowl, or if on a platter the lettuce may be arranged to form cups, so that each guest may more readily be served.

CREAM CHEESE SANDWICHES.

Entire wheat or graham bread will be the best for these. Cut the bread thin and spread it with soft butter. Mash two rolls of cream or neutrafat cheese, using a silver fork. Spread on half the slices of bread covered with remaining slices, press lightly together, remove crusts and cut into triangles or oblongs. Arrange on a doily or folded napkin. Cover with a damp cloth until ready to serve.

FRUIT JELLY.

Make a plain orange or lemon jelly mixture and add oranges and bananas cut in small pieces. Set in a cold place and stir occasionally until stiff enough to hold the fruit through it; then pour into a fancy mould wet with cold water. When ready to serve turn from the mould on to a glass platter and garnish with the shelled nuts. Or the cream may be served separately. Two one-quart moulds will serve ten generously.

CAKE.

Have the cake home made, cut evenly, and well arranged on doilies in fancy plates or cake basket.

COFFEE.

If one has a handsome silver coffee pot, serve the coffee from the side table. If the coffee is served with the collation, use toupacs. If served after, use after dinner cups.

Do not permit directions for the remaining menus, but the recipes have been given in preceding issues. The menus are merely suggestions for suitable combinations. And as prices vary at different seasons of the year, it might at times become necessary to substitute less expensive materials for those of the dollar. In order to keep within the dollar.

ADALINE WAGG SMITH.

HOW THE NEWS SPREAD.

New arrival at the Suburban Tavern.—Part of the roof of the old brewery in the city fell in a while ago and hurt three men.

First Lounger to Second.—Hear that? Old brewery in the city just fell in and nearly killed three men.

Second Lounger to Third.—Gosh! Th' old brewery down in the city just tumbled down an' killed three men.

Third Lounger to Fourth.—Gee whiz! Th' old brewery in the city collapsed an' squashed four men t' death.

When the first newspaper containing the correct account of the accident reached them, however, the most they could make out of it was one man hurt.—February Bohemian.

A Virginia lady says: "I have taken some of your Rydall's Stomach Tablets and they did me more good than anything I ever took for Dyspepsia. I have had it nearly all my life, and feel so thankful that I have at last found something that helps me, for only those that have this disease know what it is." Miss Nettie Spring, Taylorsville, Virginia.

Rydall's Stomach Tablets are sold under a guarantee to do all that is claimed thereon. J. W. O'Sullivan, Burlington, Shanley & Estey, Winoski.

MANY EXAMINATIONS.

Will Be Held in Three Vermont Towns This Spring.

The January edition of the manual of civil service examinations shows the schedule of spring examinations to be held in Vermont. Examinations will be held in Burlington, March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

March 11—Aid, coast and geodetic survey assistant, Philippine service; assistant inspector of boilers; assistant inspector of hulls; bookkeeper, departmental service; civil engineer, Philippine service; civil engineer and superintendent of construction; civil engineer student; clerk (men only); isthmian canal service; computer, nautical almanac office; computer, naval observatory; draftsman; architectural, supervising architect's office, copyist, topographic, engineering, supervising architect's office, heating and ventilating, junior architectural, supervising architect's office, topographic; kindergarten teacher, Indian service; law clerk; local inspector of boilers; local inspector of hulls; matron, Indian service; physician, Indian service; surveyor, Philippine service; veterinarian, Philippine service; wireman, departmental service.

March 21—Clerk, departmental service; compositor, government printing office; electrotype finisher, government printing office; electrotype molder, government printing office; elevator conductor, departmental service; messenger, departmental service; press feeder, government printing office; pressman, government printing office; railway mail clerk; skilled laborer (male) departmental service; stenographer, departmental service; stenographer and typewriter, all services; typewriter, departmental service; watchman, departmental service.

April 15—Assistant engineer, reclamation service; assistant examiner, patent office; bookkeeper (men only), Philippine service; civil engineer, departmental service; civil engineer and draftsman; computer, coast and geodetic survey; computer, naval observatory; draftsman, engineering, Indian service; farmer, Indian service; farmer with knowledge of irrigation, Indian service; fish culturist; forest assistant; forest service; forest assistant, Philippine service; junior engineer, reclamation service; observer, weather bureau; pharmacist, public health and marine-hospital service; scientific assistant, department of agriculture; superintendent of construction; surgeon, departmental service; teacher, Indian service; trained nurse, Indian service; trained nurse, isthmian canal service; trained nurse, Philippine service; veterinary inspector, department of agriculture.

Of the above examinations those scheduled to be held in Burlington March 11 will also be held in Montpelier, Rutland and St. Johnsbury, the same day; those scheduled to be held in Burlington March 21 will be held in Rutland March 20 and in St. Johnsbury March 20; those scheduled to be held in Burlington April 15 will be held in Montpelier, Rutland and St. Johnsbury the same day.

Further information and application forms may be obtained of C. L. Alexander, Burlington.

RECENT DEATH.

Dr. H. P. Wheatley.

Hannibal Parish Wheatley, M. D., of Farmington, N. H., who died January 30 in Los Angeles, Cal., was born June 13, 1867, at Brookfield, Vt., the fifth of six children of Nathaniel and Betsey Wheatley (Wood). Wheatley was graduated from St. Johnsbury academy in 1876 and from the medical department of the University of Vermont in 1881. In 1879, 1880, he was an officer of the State reform school at Vergennes. In 1884, on his birthday anniversary, two years after he settled in Farmington, N. H., he married Dr. Wheatley's daughter, Mrs. Josephine (Frost) Tabberly, who died March 6, 1907. Dr. Wheatley married January 8, last, Mrs. Harriet Tabbetts, and started on the same day on a leisurely journey to Los Angeles, intending to remain on the Pacific coast until May and to return via North Dakota, visit relatives. His death occurred in Los Angeles from pneumonia. Dr. Wheatley was made a Mason in 1881 in Brookfield, Vt. He was a member of Woodbine Lodge, No. 41, I. O. O. F., and of Mad River encampment. He belonged also to the Rehebek order, and was a charter member of the Rehebek lodge in Waterville. He was a member of the board of pension examiners, a trustee of the public library association of which he had been the president and a member of the directors of the Old Home Week association.

MUST PAY BY APRIL 1.

Otherwise Vermont Corporations Will Forfeit Their Charter.

In conversation with a Free Press man Saturday, State Tax Commissioner J. E. Cushman referred to the law which requires that corporations must pay their annual license taxes by April 15 or lose their charter as being incorrect. If such tax is not paid by March 1, 25 per cent of the original tax is added, and if not paid by April 1 the charter is forfeited.

REV. W. H. HOPKINS GOING TO ALBANY.

The Rev. W. H. Hopkins, of Berkeley, Cal., formerly of St. Albans, has been called to the First Presbyterian Church in Albany, N. Y., and expects to begin his work there about April 1. Mr. Hopkins received a call from this church last June but did not think best to leave the Berkeley Church. Later he became convinced that a change would benefit his health and decided to accept the call. Mr. Hopkins was pastor of a church in Fourkeepsle, N. Y., before going to Berkeley.

Not How Cheap—But How Good.

A brick front painted with L. & M. Paint 25 years ago and not painted since has been seen at 42 Broad St., Brooklyn, New York. Painted with L. & M. Brilliant Red and trim with Shaker Green or White.—The body won't need painting in 25 years.

R. E. Brown, North Williston; S. E. Wilson, Fairfax; H. M. Hull, Hinesburg; F. E. Bigwood, Winoski; P. H. Plagg & Son, Richmond; W. S. Nay & Co., Underhill; C. I. Hatch & Co., Waterbury.

WASHINGTON'S WATERLOO.

"Pray tell me is my hat on straight?" The stylish Martha cried. "It's tilting slightly to the left." The truthful George replied.

"You mailed my urgent letter, dear?" The anxious Martha cried. "Why say, you know I clean forgot." The truthful George replied.

"What time did you get home last night?" The angry Martha cried. "Kind reader, draw the curtain here and shield the nation's pride." —Woman's Home Companion.



This Food may be obtained of.....

M. V. Hicks & Son, Fairfax, Vt.
C.